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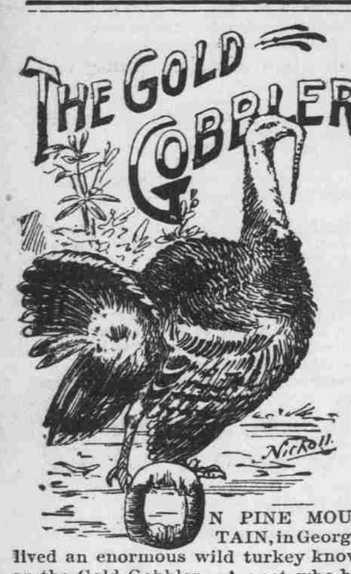
THE GOLD GOBBLER.



IN PINE MOUNTAIN, in Georgia, lived an enormous wild turkey known as the Gold Gobbler. A poet who had seen him, who, indeed, had taken a shot at him, said that the magnificent bird had bathed himself in the sunrise and had afterward set the color by a dip in the end of a rainbow. Many a sportsman came from the city to spill the turkey's blood, but failed. A Pine Mountain wiseacre said that the Gold Gobbler bore a charmed life; and among the educated people of the neighborhood this saying arose: "As elusive as the Gold Gobbler." Year after year, as Christmas time drew near, Gold Gobbler hunting parties were formed and shotguns bellowed on the rugged peak and echoed in the deep ravine, but when spring came again the king of turkeys was heard gobbling among the velvet-tipped shrubs on the hillside. The Bob Toombs gun club offered $100 reward for the turkey if captured alive, and many a trap was set for him, and one fine morning in a steel trap was found one of his bronze feathers, but that was the nearest they came to his capture.

In this neighborhood lived old Dave Nance, philosopher and negro. The tenderness of his heart was almost a byword; indeed, it was sometimes spoken of in a reproachful way. A thrifty neighbor declared that Dave's heart would land him in the poorhouse. If this old fellow chanced to meet a hungry animal he would feed him, no matter whose property he might be. Once he fed and nursed an enemy's dog, and afterward when some one laughed about it, old Dave said: "Wall, de po' dog didn' know whuther de man wuz my enemy ur not, an' ef I hadn' er give him suthin' ter eat, de sorrowful lookin' critter neber could understood de reason why, an' in his heart he would er hil it up er gin me; an' lemme tell you folks suthin': De Lawd at de las' gre't day ain' gwine skuze er pusson fur not bein' kind simply becaze er enemy stood in de way."

"Yes, Dave," a white man smilingly replied, "but a man must be just to himself."

"Dat's er fack, sah; an' lessen I feeds de haungry I kain't be just ter merse'f."

"That's true, but they tell me that every Christmas all the hungry dogs in the neighborhood come to your house to get something to eat."

"Dat's all what de calls er fancy, sah. But da does drap in some times when da's er haungry an' who kin blame 'em."

"By the way, Dave, are you going to hunt the Gold Gobler this coming Christmas?"

"I'm gwine git him 'f I kin. But he's er mighty raskil. I tuk it inter my head dat ef I'd make er trap outen corn stalks he wouldn't be skeered o' it, an' I done so, an' he got in dar, but bless you he flew er way wid one o' de stalks in his mouf. I'd like might'ly ter git dat hunnurd dollars, but I reckon I'll neber lay han's on dat much money. It's er mighty strange thing dat nobody kin hit dat bird. Dis is de fif season dat he has 'sturbed dis yer neighborhood. I yere 'em say now dat de gun club gwine pay de money eben ef you fotches him dead, case da knows dat nobody kin take him alive. But I've got er scheme put up on him. I's got er new pair er speckticles dat kin see through mo' den er mile an' I's got me er army gun dat will tote true jest ez fur ez er pusson kin see, an' I'm gwine load it wid one deze yere minnie balls. I ain' gwine take no mo' chances wid shot. Oh, I'se got at de reason de raskil hain't been hit—he's so bright dat you think you'se right on him when de fac is you'se er way off. An' den when you shoot you ain't got him. Dat's all dar is ter it. But I gwine bore him through an' through, I tell you."

Every night as the holidays drew near, Dave would take down his gun and wipe it out, and caressingly he would fondle the minnie ball, which he had rubbed until it was bright. "Yas, honey," he would say, "you gwine through dat ole raskil; yes you is an' you neenter say you ain't." And the children would gather about him and beg him to let them take the bullet in their hands. "Turn it loose; take kere, chile. Doan you know you gwine rub all de charm off ef you keep on? Take kere: doan tech it."

One cold afternoon as Dave was returning from the forest where he had been chopping wood, he came to a creek, and in the water, swiftly borne round and round, he saw a pig. Thinking not of the cold water he plunged in and rescued the animal, strove to warm him against his great black bosom and then let him go. He would have thought no more of this trifling adventure, but upon awaking at morning he found his joints so stiff with rheumatism that he could not walk. He told the cause of his trouble, and his wife mildly scolded him for not taking better care of himself. "How you gwine git dat gold bird an' you all crippled up yere in de house?" she asked. "It jest peer like you always lookin' fur suthin' ter hurt yo'self wid. I thought you gwine kill dat bird sho, dis time. But yere you is, er cripple."

"De Lawd gibs de rheumatiz an' de Lawd takes it erway," the old man replied.

She tossed her head at him. "Dat ain't it er tall," she said. "De fool gits de rheumatiz an' de fool kaint take it erway, you better say. You 'vokes me nearly ter death, man. Dat ole pig wan't yo'n no how. I hates ter call you er ole fool, but I'se feered I'll hatter.

"Doan you fret, Liza. I'll git dat gobbler. Doan you fret; I'll be well in er day ur two."

But time passed and he did not get well. He could hobble about the house, but Christmas came and he could not hope to climb the mountain.

Christmas morning was frosty. Long before daylight old Dave's family was astir. About a great log fire they sat, musing. The old man had his gun leaning against his chair. There was a scratching at the door. The door was opened and a "stray" dog came in.

"Wall, I'm jest er gre't mine ter dribe him out," Liza declared.

"No, let him stay," Dave commanded. "He's de fust one ter come an' ask our Chrismus gif. Set down ober dar, ole feller."

The dog sat down. The children were happy, but Liza mourned over the loss of the Gold Gobbler.

"Neber mine," said Dave. "Neber mine, we may git him next Chrismus."

"We mout all be dead by den," his wife replied.

"Wall, den, ef we is we woan't need de gobbler, doan you see?"

"Oh, I wush you wouldn't talk ter me datter way."

"Doan you want me ter tell you de truf?"

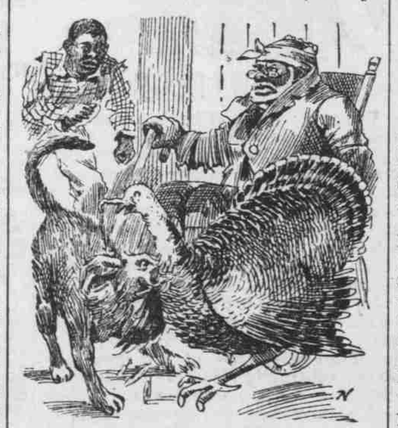
"You ain't tellin' me de truf."

"Ain't I? Did you eber know any dead folks dat needed er gobbler?"

"Oh, I wush you'd hush, Dave. It do 'peer dat you all time tryin' ter hurt yo'self some way jest er bout de time you is most needed. I wush I could shoot. I'd take dat gun an' go atter him. Gracious, lissen at 'em up dar on de knob er shootin' at him now."

"But de win' is blowin' too hard. I couldn't git him eben ef I wuz up dar. Steve," he added, speaking to one of the boys, "dar's too much smoke in de house an' we kain't leave de do' open. Win's blowin' right down de chimley. Git up dar an' take er few boa'ds offen de ruff an' let dis smoke out."

The boy climbed upon the roof and removed a number of boards, always



INSTANTLY THE DOG SEIZED HIM.

kept loose for such an emergency, and left a large opening.

"Jest lissun how da's shootin'," said Dave. "Fust on one side de hill an' den on de udder. An' da's gittin' him rattled dis time. He doan know whicher way he's flyin'. Doan you yere 'em blazin' er way? Gracious, he must by flyin' roun' in er circle. He doan know whar ter light dis—Heaben's er libe!"

There came a great flop and a flutter, and down through the opening in the roof fell the Gold Gobbler. And instantly the dog seized him. And then Dave, Liza, children, dog and all had him. "Fetch me dat bedcord an' lemme tie him!" Dave cried. "Turn loose, I tell you! Want ter take de charm offen him. Mussy, look how he shine. Oh, da got him tired out an' he had ter light. Fool gits de rheumatiz, but fool kain't take it er way, huh! I'se well dis minit. Jes' looke er yere, jes' look er yere. Oh, you neenter kick, honey. Lawd love you, you neenter kick. Steve, hitch up dat buckboa'd. I gwine dribe right ober ter dat gun club. An' we gwine hab er dinner yere dat will make ever body's mouf water. An' de dog's mouf waterin' now. Hole on er minit. We'll all git right down yere an' thank de Lawd fur dis yere Christmas mawnin." ORIE READ.

Reason in All Things.

"I want to know why, Mrs. McCorkle, you give me hash for breakfast this morning, when you know that yesterday at breakfast I did not touch it?"

"That's just why. When you have eaten that, I shall provide something else."—Harper's Bazar.

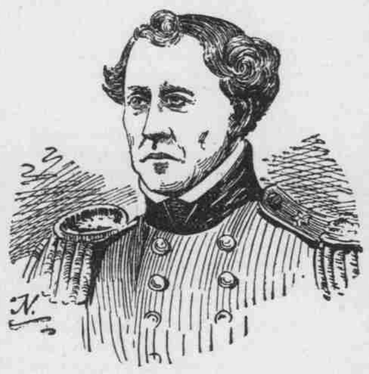
THE CALIFORNIA WAR.

Mexican Side of It Was an Opera Bouffe Affair.

The Approaching Forty-Ninth Anniversary of the Raising of the American Flag at Monterey to Be Celebrated in Style.

Special San Francisco (Cal.) Letter.

The people of California propose to have a grand celebration on July 7, next—the 49th anniversary of the raising of the American flag at Monterey, by Commodore Sloat. There will be a gathering of the few American and Spanish pioneers of those days now living, when they can again fight over the battles of the "peaceful conquest." The general government has promised to assist with a naval and land display. The only battles of the conquest of California were fought after the conquest. There was some bloodshed on both sides, however, in consequence of Fremont's free booters stealing horses from the Mexicans. Subsequent revolution was the outcome of the raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma, on June 11, by Capt. Ezekiel



COMMODORE SLOAT, U. S. N.

Merritt, under instructions of Fremont, who was not present. The intention was to form California into an independent republic. The Bear Flag was hauled down when Commander Sloat came.

The Mexican side of the revolution is not found in history, and many of the details of this opera bouffe affair are therefore of interest in view of the coming celebration.

Don Antonio Coronel, of Los Angeles, one of the leaders, related to me, recently, the following historical incidents:

"The principal cause of the pronunciamento was because of Capt. Gillespie's tyrany. He had been left in command at Los Angeles after the country had been surrendered. He declared martial law, and arrested people for trivial causes. One night his negro cook, whom I had befriended, come to my house and told me that Gen. Flores, myself and others were to be arrested. We at once organized. I gathered all the old pieces of iron, I took them to the Mission San Gabriel where they were made into lances. Pieces of lead were taken from the roofs and melted into bullets. We soon had 500 men in the field, many not having weapons, but all had lariats—very effective in the hands of a Mexican. Senora Juracercia Reyes made some powder. Our army then marched to meet Gen. Kearny, and drive him out of the country.

"I was appointed commissioner to Mexico, to solicit aid to reconquer California. I immediately started with my escort, and, as there was not much money in the country, I took along a cavalcade of about 500 horses for expenses—to sell on the way. At the Colorado river I turned back because the Indians had heard of my coming and would have taken the horses, and probably killed us. I gave my dispatches for the supreme government to a courier who eluded the Indians, crossed the river and arrived safely in Mexico. But it was no use.

"As I was returning, and while near San Diego, I heard that Gen. Kearny's

THE BEAR FLAG.

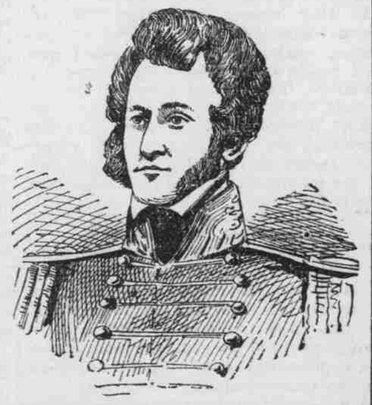
troops, which had just arrived there, were maching north. Gen. Andres Pico had a command of about 500 cavalrymen not far from San Pascual. I wrote a note on the margin of a paper, and sent it by courier. Gen. Pico doubted my information, saying: 'Impossible. There are no more Americans; they are all at San Diego!' That night they captured my horses, but I escaped and hid in the mountains for a few days. I finally reached Los Angeles and was in the battles of Paso de Portolo, on the San Gabriel, and La Mesa.

"The battles of San Pascual were fought on December 6 and 7, 1846. The first engagement was a skirmish a short distance from the Indian village. Next morning about daylight the Mexican troops were surprised by the enemy charging down upon them. The village of San Pascual is situated at the base of Indian hill, and our troops were encamped in this basin-like plain. Perhaps our generals were asleep, for the first that was known the Americans were in our camp. The American soldiers, who were infantry and some sailors, had been mounted—perhaps on some of my horses. The soldiers were not good horsemen, and, besides, did not understand the management of Mexican horses. So the horses ran at full speed until they were in our camp, and here were other horses of the same drove. The battle was a hand to hand fight. On the American side Capt. Moore and a sergeant were killed in the charge. Capt. Gillespie received a severe lance thrust, was thrown from his horse and left for dead. He would have been killed only that he wore a coat of mail of four thicknesses of leather. I knew the man that lanced him, and I now have the lance in my museum. This coat of mail is called a cuera, and is frequently worn by sparish soldiers. There were seven or eight Americans killed and as many wounded. The dead were buried at the foot of a large tree on the battlefield. Two or three Mexicans were slightly wounded.

"A soldier called Le Blonde threw his lariat over a cannon in the enemy's lines, and hauled it into our own, and we used it against the Mexicans. Nearly all the Mexicans killed had lance thrusts—guns were not used much by the Mexicans.

"The next battle was at Paso del Portola, on the San Gabriel. The river was swollen to about 200 yards wide, and our army was on the bluff overlooking the river, almost concealed amid chaparral and a grove of mustard plants. Our cannon mounted on an ox cart, commanded the approach of the enemy. While they were crossing the stream we played away, but we did not know much about loading and firing cannon, and our shot would hit the water with a phizz and a splash, and that was all. Somebody put in two much powder, and the cannon went off with a boom, upset the cart and the oxen, and I believe all rolled down hill. We then set the mustard patch on fire to stifle the enemy and blend his march, and retired to La Mesa. Two or three Americans were wounded by our cavalrymen, but no one on our side was hurt.

At La Alesa, that hill across the river, in the present suburbs of Los Angeles, we were reinforced with the "Church Cannon," sometimes called the "Woman's Gun." It is a small brass cannon, brought from Mexico, and was used by the church for firing salutes on festal days. On the approach of the war vessel, Senora Innocencia Reyes buried it in her garden. But it was dug up, car-



COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON.

ried out to the battlefield and used against the Americans at this last battle. But the powder that the senora had made was so weak that every shot was only a puff, and fell short of the enemy's lines. This time, however, the oxen were unhitched from the cart so that they could not run away with it, or kick the gun over, or maybe be kicked over by it," continued the don, with a laugh.

That historic cannon is now in the muesum at Washington.

Shortly after taking possession of the country, Commodore Sloat, at his own request, was relieved, and Commodore Stockton took command. Leaving San Francisco, his vessel cruised to San Diego in time for the sailors to march to the aid of the infantry at San Pascual. Commodore Stockton again took possession of Los Angeles. In the meantime Fremont had signed a treaty of peace, "20 miles away" from the scene of battle. For this Gen. Kearney sent him to Washington under arrest. He was court-martialed, but finally was permitted to resign.

The Americans then entered into a political revolution by forming a state constitution—thus usurping the powers of congress. Thus California was admitted as a full-fledged state—never having been organized as a territory. Otherwise, the programme was to form a western confederacy.

Her admission, however, was the direct cause of the civil war that followed a few years later. The south urged the war against Mexico for the purpose of extending her slave territory, while the north opposed it. But the Californians refused to take chances in a territorial condition, and came in as a free state—a solitary instance.

California has much to celebrate.

J. M. SCANLAND.

His Visits.

Dimpleton—Here I have been paying a man two dollars a month to take care of my furnace and I've had to do it myself.

Von Blumer—Hasn't he been around?

Dimpleton—Oh, yes. He comes around every month.—Brooklyn Life.

Her Tender Heart.

It was the woman who will stop a horse car twice inside of 20 feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down.

"The doctor says that we must boil our water," she said to a friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "It isn't much trouble."

"No. But I hate to do it. It does seem such a horrible death for those poor little microbes and things."—Washington Star.

Not on the Market.

"So you met the English lord?"

"Yes."

"And he has shown you marked attention?"

"Yes, he danced twice with me."

"Then why so sad and dejected?"

"I have just learned that his lordship is quite wealthy."—Bay City Chat.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Ragged Haggard (sympathetically)—You are lookin' mighty blue, podner, What 's de matter?

Weary Whiskers (on his back)—Aw, it's trouble, trouble, everywhere, and not a drop to drink, as de poet so feelin'ly got off! Here I've jest laid down, an', darn it, I've got to git up ag'in after awhile.—Puck.

His Use.

Sapsmith—I begin to think I weally ought to get mawwied; don't you, Grimshaw?

Grimshaw—I see no reason why you shouldn't, Sappy; I guess you would make some man a good wife.—N. Y. World.

Affected.

Dick (at the ball)—That two-steps makes me tired.

Tom—But you've been dancing it all the evening, my boy.

Dick—That's the reason.—N. Y. Recorder.

A Definition.

Johnnie—Papa, what is meant by: "Once a knave, always a knave?"

Father—It's a typographical error for: "Once a knave, and ever afterward a rich and honest man."—Truth.

Motherly Intuition.

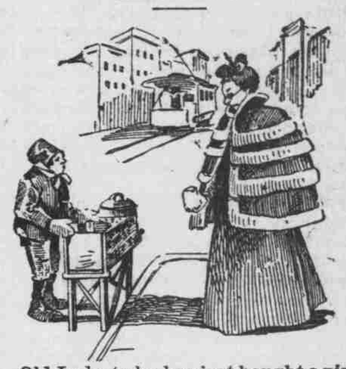
Mrs. Gashus (to Mrs. Slambang, whose daughter has been recently married)—How are Amantha and her husband getting along in New York?

Mrs. Slambang—Wretchedly, I fear; poorly, I am certain. She writes that she is perfectly happy—but it is just like my poor darling to try and shield the wretch that way. But, no! she cannot deceive her own mother—no, no—far from it. I leave for New York tomorrow, to see things righted or know the reason why.—Judge.

They Must Have Heard It.

When the cat's away the mice will play,
Unless, perchance, alack!
The mice have heard that noted song
Of how the cat came back.
—Detroit Tribune.

REASSURING.



Old Lady (who has just bought a pint of chestnuts)—There are no worms in these chestnuts, are there?

Boy—Yes'm; but if you take off yer glasses while you're eatin 'em you can't tell th' difference; th' worms taste th' same as th' chestnuts, ma'am.—Judge.

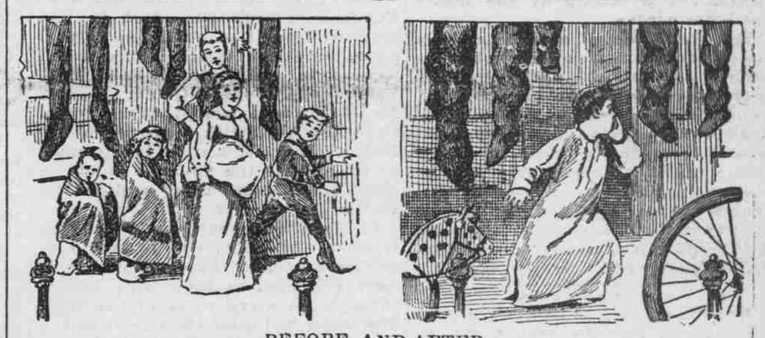
His Curiosity Aroused.

Proprietor—Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.—Louisville Truth.

An Appreciative Soul.

He pinned upon his overcoat—
That sneering Johnny Power—
A big chrysanthemum and said:
"That's what I cauliflower."
—Chicago Tribune.



BEFORE AND AFTER.

Christmas Eve—The last look. Christmas Morning—"He's bin here."
—Golden Days.

A Heartless Parent.

Miss Bullion—Papa says we can't be married until you are able to support me.

Adorer—Great Scott! Does he want his only daughter to die an old maid?—N. Y. Weekly.

Tried and Found Wanting.

Jack Hardup—Lend me a dollar, will you? I haven't anything but a large bill in my pocket.

Amicus (to whom Jack has often applied before)—Whose is it, your tailor's?—Bay City Chat.

Two Souls.

Bride—We must do our best not to let people know we are on our wedding trip.

Groom—Indeed we must, or we'll be charged four prices for everything.—N. Y. Weekly.

THAT HORRID LITTLE BROTHER.

Charley—Your eyes always remind me of the sea, Cis.

Cis—Because they are so blue?

Charley—No. They are so watery.—Fun.

The Snapper Snapped.

Miss Antique—I don't see why young married people make such fools of themselves!

Old Goodfello—Maybe it's because they have the chance!—Truth.

Inexpensive.

"I promised to give my wife a surprise on Christmas."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, it's all I can afford to give her."—Chicago Record.

An Effective Alibi.

Eastern Visitor—How was it that you did not hang that last murderer? Did he establish an alibi?

Quick Drop Dan—That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him, he wasn't there.—Puck.

Interested Him.

Perry Patettic—Mister, kin you give me a dime?

Wallace—None of my good money goes for whisky, my friend.

"It don't? How do you work it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

My Barometer.

My Lucy's eyes
Are summer skies
Whene'er her heart is light and cheery,
But when she's sad
The weather's bad
And all my skies are dark and dreary.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Out of Sight.

Mildred—What do you think of the Christmas decorations?

Marjorie—Considering that the alcove was so secluded, hanging that piece of mistletoe up there seemed rather superfluous.—Truth.

Truly Wonderful.

"My husband and I had a singular coincidence in our lives."

"What was it?"

"We got married at the same time."—Truth.

One on Papa.

Mrs. Fozzleton—George, the baby has just begun to take after you.

Mr. Fozzleton—How so, dearest?

Mrs. Fozzleton—He began crowing this morning.—N. Y. Recorder.

How He Used It.

Friend—Do you use tobacco?

Mr. Howell (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—O yes. I breathe it most of the time. Gettup is a constant smoker.—Chicago Tribune.

Appropriately Named.

Hobson—Why does Newpop call his light lunch cafe "The Baby's Mouth?" That's a funny name.

Jobson—Because it's open all night.—Philadelphia Record.

He Had No Cause to Worry.

Old Bullion—It galls me to think that my money goes into your spendthrift hands when I die.

Young Bullion—Never mind, governor, it won't stay there long.—Tit-Bits.